

HORROR



NO. 23
FEB. 1962

THE VAULT OF HORROR



FEATURING...



THE WALKER SERIES



THE WALKER SERIES



THE WALKER SERIES



\$2.00
(\$2.50
Canada)

TWO HORROR COMICS IN ONE!



NO. 4



FEB

H
O
R
R
O
R

THE VAULT OF

HORROR

FEATURING...



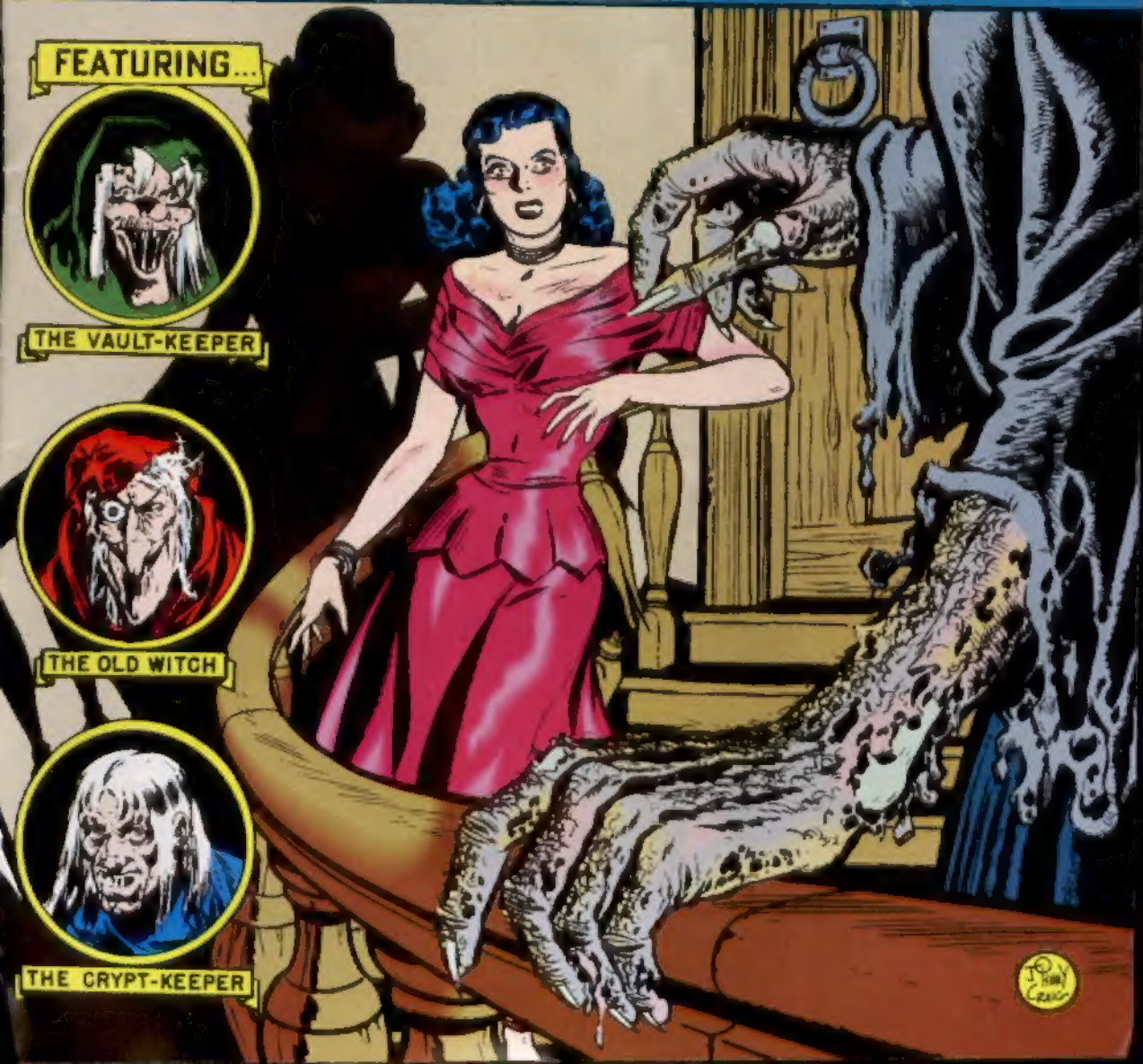
THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



Russ Cochran—Publisher
Bruce Hamilton—Associate Publisher
& Managing Editor
Helen Hamilton—Business Manager
Gen Mitchell—Administrative Assistant
Dorothy Crouch—E.C. Liaison

Leonard (John) Clark—Editor
Gary Leach—Art Director
Susan Deigle-Leach—Production Mgr.
Russ Miller—Art Assistant
Jeanne Davenport—Art Assistant
Tauby Calrow—Direct Sales

Steve Calrow—Subscription & Finance
Janet Dvorak—Circulation
Mary Jane Cullumber—Order
Processing
Chuck Woodsmall—Shipping Manager
Eddy Mitchell—Shipping Assistant

INCREDIBLE! I TAKE A ONE DAY TRIP TO INNER BORNEO TO STUDY HEADHUNTING AND WHEN I GET BACK LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED! THAT SLIMY SNEAK, THE CRYPT-KEEPER, NOT SATISFIED WITH HAVING TWO LETTER PAGES IN HIS INFERIOR MAG TO MY ONE IN MY SPLENDID-FEROUS PUBLICATION, SNEAKS A POETRY PAGE INTO MY BOOK ON TOP OF THAT! THIS TIME I'M REALLY STEAMED!... DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT ANY MORE! BUT ONE DAY...OH, ONE DAY...POW!



THIS ISSUE'S CREDITS

From *The Vault of Horror* #23 (1962):

Front cover art by Johnny Craig.
"A Stitch in Time!" art by Johnny Craig.
"99+100% Pure Horror!" art by Jack Davis.
"Dead Wait!" art by Jack Davis.
"Staired... In Horror!" art by Graham Ingels.

From *The Haunt of Fear* #13 (1962):

Original cover art by Graham Ingels.
"For the Love of Death!" art by Graham Ingels.
"Fed Up!" art by Johnny Craig.
"Minor Error!" art by Jack Kamen.
"Wolf Bait!" art by Jack Davis.

All stories colored by Marie Severin.

THE TRAGEDY OF FRANKENSTEIN

by Jim Twitchell

To understand what is going on in traditional horror we need to forget the victim's plight for a moment and just watch the monster. For what we will find is that while humans make mistakes, monsters never do. The vampire is never confused about whom to seduce; the wolfman never gets lost; Mr. Hyde never clubs bystanders. Even though their actions may appear random, monsters are never capricious. So too the Frankenstein monster, stupid as he may seem, is always

reason we encourage young readers to share their E.C. reading experiences with their folks.

Following are some heavily-edited thoughts from a detailed section in Mr. Twitchell's book, *Dreadful Pleasures: An Anatomy of Modern Horror*, published by Oxford University Press. In it he makes some interesting observations about the building of the Frankenstein monster legend.)

Every creature from the mythic black lagoon who wants to survive in retellings keeps his eye on only a few victims, a well-chosen few, a few chosen by the



smart enough to hurt only those who "deserve" it—at least from the point of view of his creator, the monster-maker. Only transitory mutants, stalk-and-slashers, zombies, aliens from outer space, or creatures from the deep are indiscriminate. (Publisher's note: the indiscriminate nature of most modern horror films—the aspect that bothers many parents today—is not what Gladstone's E.C. reprints are all about. It is for that

martyr who is supposed to suffer most.

With this in mind, we turn to the infancy of the most important "incredible hulk" in our folklore—the Frankenstein monster. First, he has not always been so inarticulate as he now appears; in fact, before Hollywood lobotomized him, he was far and away the most erudite of monsters, birthed from a specific work,

(continued on inside back cover)

The Vault of Horror No. 4, February 1991. Published bi-monthly by Gladstone Publishing, Ltd., 212 S. Montezuma, Prescott, AZ 86303. Application to mail at second class postage rates is pending at Prescott, AZ and additional mailing offices. ©1980, 1980, 1979 by William M. Gaines, Agent, 1962 by Fables Publishing Co., Inc., 1951 by L.L. Publishing Co., Inc. All rights reserved. Nothing herein contained may be reproduced without the written permission of William M. Gaines, New York, New York. Annual subscription rate \$12.00 for six issues, \$17.00 Canadian and foreign, payable in U.S. funds. Printed in the U.S.A. Postmaster: send address changes to *The Vault of Horror*, P.O. Box 2079, Prescott, AZ 86302.

THE VAULT OF HORROR!



HEH, HEH! 'SEW' NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN! SINCE THE LAST TIME WE MET I'VE SPENT A GREAT DEAL OF TIME PROWLING THROUGH MY PRIVATE COLLECTION OF HORROR TALES THAT I KEEP HERE IN *THE VAULT*... AND I'VE REALLY COME UP WITH A *DOOZY*! THIS STORY TAKES PLACE IN THE YEARS JUST BEFORE WORLD WAR I, AND TELLS A TERRIFYING YARN THAT OCCURRED IN ONE OF OUR NATION'S *SWEATSHOPS*!

I CALL IT...

A STITCH IN TIME!



JAMMED TOGETHER IN A DINGY, FOUL-SMELLING LOFT IN THE FACTORY DISTRICT, TEN GIRLS LABORIOUSLY BENT OVER THEIR DANGEROUSLY OBSOLETE SEWING MACHINES...THE CLATTER OF WHICH FORTUNATELY MUFFLED THEIR ANGRY MUTTERINGS FROM THE EARS OF THEIR EMPLOYER...

OH, HECK! MY
THREAD BROKE
AGAIN!

THESE MACHINES! A NEEDLE
SNAPPED ON MINE YESTERDAY...
NEARLY PUT MY EYE OUT!

SHH-H...



FOURTEEN HOURS
A DAY, SIX DAYS A
WEEK! AND ALL WE
GET IS *SIX DOL-
LARS!* IT'S
SLAVE LABOR!

THE *LEAST* MR.
LASCH COULD DO IS
GIVE US *SAFE*
MACHINES TO
WORK WITH!



I COULD DO WITH-
OUT *SAFE* MACHINES...
BUT I'M SURE WE
DESERVE MUCH
BETTER LIGHTING!
I'M GOING BLIND!

SLOWLY BUT SURELY
WE ALL ARE! BUT
THERE'S NO USE COM-
PLAINING! NOTHING
CAN BE DONE
ABOUT IT!



IF WE ALL
QUIT,
THAT WOULD
FIX MR.
LASCH!

NO...IF WE QUIT,
HE'D EASILY FIND
OTHERS WILLING
TO TAKE OUR
PLACES! AND
THEN WHERE
WOULD WE BE?



YOU'RE RIGHT!
TIMES ARE TOO
HARD! BUT IF
THINGS WERE
DIFFERENT...

WELL, THEY
AREN'T! THIS
SWEATSHOP
IS JUST ONE
BIG *DEATH*
TRAP!



I JUST DON'T
LIKE THE WAY
HE BULLIES
US... PUSHES
US AROUND!

NONE OF US
DO! BUT SOME-
DAY HE'LL GET
WHAT HE
DESERVES!
YOU WAIT
AND SEE!



I CERTAINLY
HOPE I'M AROUND
WHEN IT HAP-
PENS! I WOULDN'T
MISS IT FOR THE
WORLD!

I'D LIKE TO
SEE HIM GET
IT RIGHT NOW!

SH-HH-H!
HERE HE
COMES!



STOP FUMBLING! WHAT ARE YOU SO *NERVOUS* ABOUT? BE *CAREFUL*, THERE! IF YOU RUIN ANY WORK, I'LL *TAKE IT OUT OF YOUR SALARY!*

Y-Y-YES, SIR, MR. LASCH!

AND YOU! STOP WASTING TIME! YOU'RE MAKING ME LOSE MONEY! *STUPID WOMEN...* SIT HERE AND GOSSIP ALL DAY LONG! *WELL, I WANT PRODUCTION! Y'HEAR?*

OUGH! Y-YES, MR. LASCH!

MR. LASCH... IF YOU DON'T MIND, I NEED ANOTHER SEWING NEEDLE...

WHAT?! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU WOMEN ANYWAY? CAN'T YOU TAKE CARE OF ANYTHING?!

BUT IT SNAPPED! IT PUNCTURED MY HAND! I...

I DON'T CARE! IF YOU WANT ANOTHER NEEDLE, YOU'LL HAVE TO *PAY FOR IT!*

NOW GET BACK TO WORK! ...AND THE REST OF YOU STOP WASTING TIME! I WANT *PRODUCTION!* GET BUSY! Y'HEAR?

THE DOOR SLAMMED SHUT BEHIND THE SELFISH MR. LASCH, AND IN THE FACTORY ROOM ITSELF, AN OMINOUS HUSH PREVAILED. EACH GIRL WAS ALONE WITH HER THOUGHTS... AND YET THEIR THOUGHTS WERE AS ONE. THE CHATTER OF THE SEWING MACHINES ACCENTUATED THE DISMAL SILENCE...

AAAGGH-H!



MY HAND!
MY HAND!

GOOD
LORD! HER
MACHINE
SHATTERED!
LOOK AT
HER HAND!



IT'S BADLY
HURT! CALL
A DOCTOR!

WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE?!



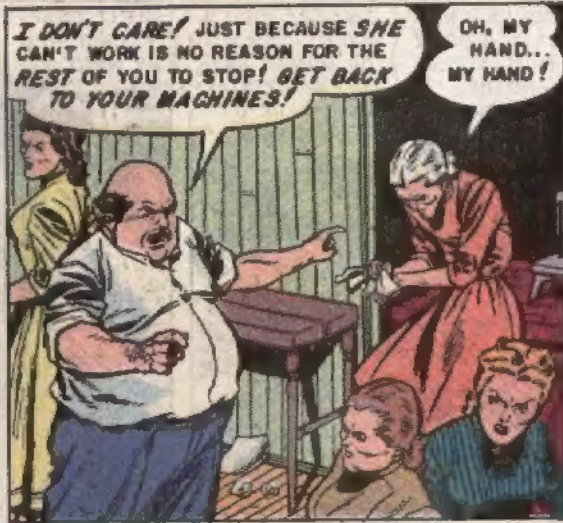
MARTHA INJURED
HER HAND! THE
MACHINE BROKE
DOWN! SHE
SHOULD HAVE
A DOCTOR...

WHAT!? MY
MACHINE IS
BROKEN?



YOU CLUNSY IDIOT! WHAT DO
YOU THINK THIS PLACE IS, A PLAY-
ROOM? I PAY YOU TO PRODUCE,
NOT TO FOOL AROUND, DAMAGING
MY PROPERTY!

BUT, MR.
LASCH! HER
HAND...



I DON'T CARE! JUST BECAUSE SHE
CAN'T WORK IS NO REASON FOR THE
REST OF YOU TO STOP! GET BACK
TO YOUR MACHINES!

OH, MY
HAND...
MY HAND!



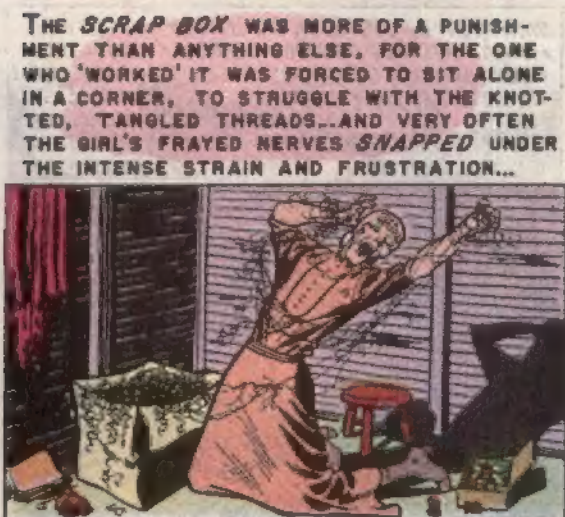
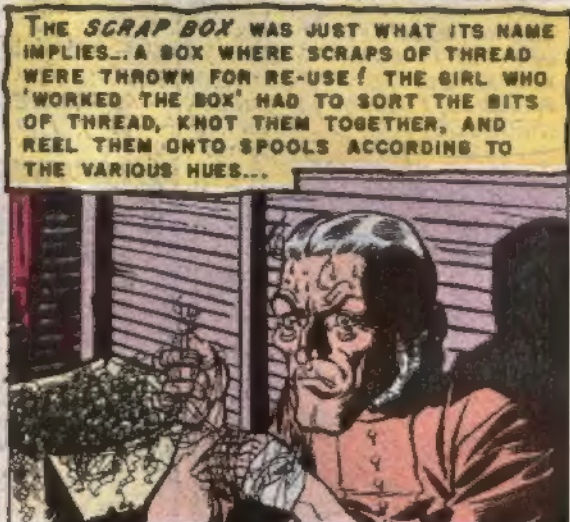
DON'T YOU COME WHINING TO ME
FOR SYMPATHY! IT'S YOUR OWN
FAULT FOR BEING SO CARELESS!
IF YOU HAD BEEN PAYING ATTENTION
TO YOUR WORK, IT WOULDN'T HAVE
HAPPENED!

BUT, MR.
LASCH, THE
MACHINE IS
SO OLD!
I DIDN'T...

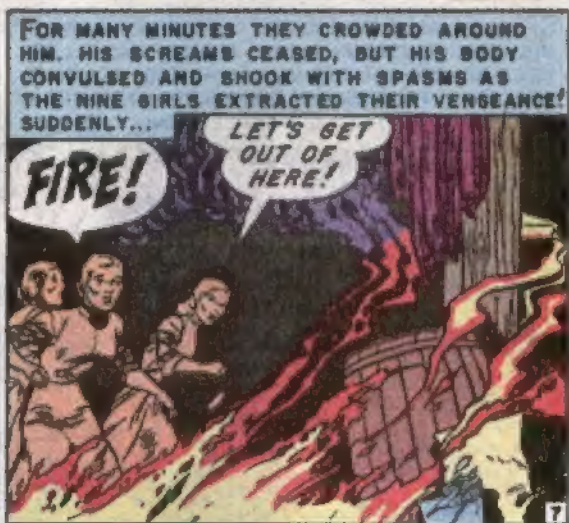
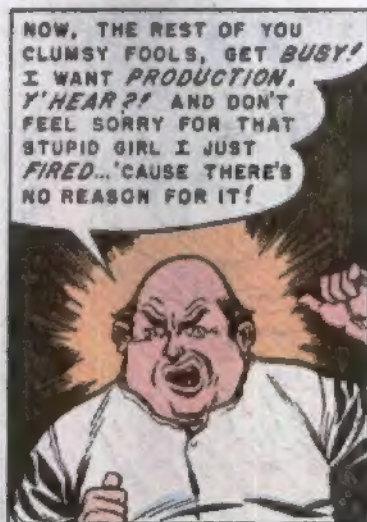


BAH! NEGLIGENCE! IF YOU THINK
I'M GOING TO PAY TO HAVE THAT
MACHINE REPAIRED, YOU'RE CRAZY!
THE COST IS COMING OUT OF YOUR
SALARY!

SOB! ALL
...ALL RIGHT,
MR. LASCH...
SOB!







IN A FEW SECONDS THE GIRLS HAD FLED! THE FLAMES LEAPED AND ROARED WITH FURY THROUGH THE TINDER-BOX SHOP...WHILE ON THE SEWING MACHINE A FIGURE STIRRED...



MR. LASCH STARED IN HORROR... BUT HIS MOUTH MADE NO SOUND... FOR HIS LIPS HAD BEEN STITCHED TOGETHER!



WITH HIS FEET MOBBLED AND HIS HANDS SEWN TOGETHER, HE STUMBLED CLUMSILY IN HIS FRANTIC ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE THE BLAZING INFERNO! SUDDENLY, HE STAGGERED INTO A ROW OF SHELVES... A LARGE *SCRAP BOX* CRASHED DOWN...



THE GNARLED THREADS CASCADED UPON HIM, ENTANGLING HIM IN A WEB OF HIS OWN MAKING! HIS PROGRESS STOPPED AND HIS STITCHED FINGERS GROPED DESPERATELY TO FREE HIM OF THE ENTWINING THREADS...



SPASMODICALLY, AS THE FIRE CLOSED IN AROUND HIM, HIS BODY TWISTED IN AGONY! THE SEARING FLAMES DREW NEARER AND THE WALLS AND ROOF BEGAN TO COLLAPSE! FROM BEHIND THE RAGGED STITCHING ON HIS LIPS, A MUFFLED CRY GURGLED AND DIED IN HIS THROAT...



- THE
END -

HEH, HEH, HEH! WELL, A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE. NINE *GIRLS*, THAT IS! HE WHO *LASCH LASCHT, LASCHT* BEST, THEY SAY...BUT DON'T *ASCH LASCH*, 'CAUSE HE AIN'T TALKIN'! OH, I BET *THAT GAG NEEDED YOU!* ANYWAY, AT LEAST

MR. LASCH WASN'T *THREAD-BARE*...WHEN HE DIED! HEH, HEH! NOW I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE *CRYPT-KEEPER*, WHO HAS ANOTHER ONE OF HIS FAIRY TALES FOR YOU! SEW, SEW LONG FOR NOW! HEH, HEH, HEH!



THE CRYPT OF TERROR

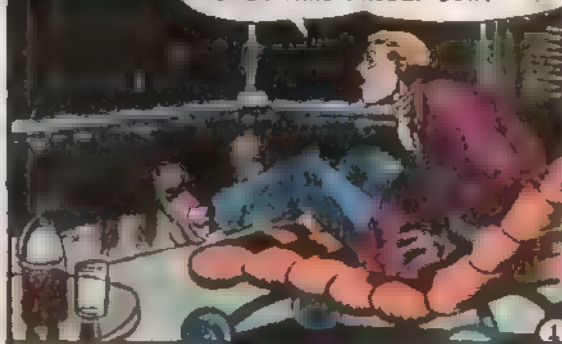
READY FOR ANOTHER HAIR-RAISING TERROR-TALE FROM MY VAST COLLECTION THAT I KEEP HERE IN MY CRYPT? GOOD! THEN COME INTO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! SIT DOWN NEXT TO YOUR HOST-IN-HORROR... THE CRYPT-KEEPER... AND I'LL BEGIN THE BLOOD-CURLING LITTLE YARN I CALL...

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% PURE HORROR!



ERNE SPRAWLS LAZILY ON THE ORNATE CHAISE LOUNGE THAT STANDS ON THE TERRACE OF HIS PENTHOUSE APARTMENT! HE SMILES UP AT THE BLACK, STAR-STUDDED SKY AND GRINS! YES! LIFE HAD BEEN GOOD TO ERNE MATTHEW EVER SINCE HE'D BECOME MANAGER OF THE HUDSON SOAP FACTORY EVER SINCE POOR OLD BENNY ANDERSON "MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED"...

YEP! THIS IS THE LIFE! TEN GRAND A YEAR! PLENTY OF WINE... WOMEN... AND... HOLY COW!



ERNIE SITS UP SUDDENLY.
STARING AT HIS WATCH.

CRIPES! I ALMOST FORGOT!
I HAVE A DATE WITH THAT
SHOW GIRL TONIGHT! I'VE
JUST ENOUGH TIME TO
SHOWER AND DRESS!

SPRINGING FROM THE
WROUGHT IRON LOUNGE CHAIR,
ERNIE DARTS THROUGH THE
FRENCH DOORS INTO HIS
LAVISHLY FURNISHED APART-
MENT...

LET'S SEE! WHAT THE HECK
WAS HER NAME? I CAN'T
REMEMBER!

ACROSS THE THICKLY CAR-
PETED LIVING ROOM, INTO THE
MODERNISTIC BEDROOM, ERNIE
SPRINTS! QUICKLY, HE UN-
DRESSES AND STEPS INTO THE
RICHLY TILED BLACK BATH-
ROOM.

THAT'S FUNNY! SHE
TOLD ME HER NAME! OH,
WELL, I'LL THINK OF
IT...WHAT THE...?

ERNIE STARES DOWN AT THE EMPTY SLEAM-
ING SOAP-DISH...

HEY! HOW CAN I TAKE A SHOWER WITHOUT
ANY SOAP? WONDER IF THERE'S
ANOTHER CAKE IN THE
PANTRY?

ERNIE DONS A ROBE AND CROSSES THE LIV-
ING ROOM TO THE NEAT LITTLE KITCHEN!
HE SWINGS OPEN THE PANTRY DOORS, HIS
EYES SEARCHING THE CAN-LINED SHELVES...

THAT'S A HECK OF A NOTE!
ME, THE MANAGER OF THE
HUDSON SOAP FACTORY...
WITHOUT A CAKE OF SOAP
IN THE HOUSE...EXCEPT...
EXCEPT...

A COLD SHIVER RUNS UP ERNIE'S SPINE!
HE MAKES HIS WAY SLOWLY TO A SMALL
CABINET IN THE LIVING ROOM! FROM A RING
OF KEYS, HE SELECTS ONE AND CAREFULLY
INSERTS IT INTO THE LOCK ON THE CABINET
DOOR! THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN! THE CAB-
INET IS FILLED WITH SMALL RECTANGULAR
PACKAGES.

-EXCEPT FOR THESE BARS OF SOAP!
I...I NEVER INTENDED TO USE
THESE!

SUDDENLY ERNIE BURSTS OUT LAUGHING! HE
REACHES INTO THE CABINET AND PULLS OUT
ONE OF THE GAILY WRAPPED PACKAGES...

AH-H! WHAT DO I CARE NOW, BENNY!
I GOT YOUR JOB! NO ONE'S THE WISER!
WHAT'S THE USE OF HANGING ON
TO THEM NOW?

AS ERNIE SHUFFLES BACK ACROSS THE PLUSH LIVING ROOM, UNWRAPPING THE CAKE OF SOAP, THE SOUND OF A TRUCK HORN BELCHES UP FROM THE STREET BELOW! THE SOUND IS A FAMILIAR ONE TO ERNIE! THREE YEARS AGO... WHEN HE FIRST STARTED TO WORK AT THE MUD-SOAP FACTORY... IT MEANT...

HONKK!

HEY, ERNIE! LET'S GO! ANOTHER TRUCK'S AT THE UNLOADING PLATFORM!

YES, MR. ANDERSON!

BENNY ANDERSON WAS MANAGER OF THE FACTORY BACK THEN! ERNIE'S JOB WAS TO UNLOAD THE TRUCKS HEADED HIGH WITH SCRAP MEAT THAT HAD BEEN COLLECTED FROM BUTCHER SHOPS AND RESTAURANTS THROUGHOUT THE CITY! ERNIE HATED THE WORK

CHOKES... PHEW! LORD, THIS STUFF STINKS!

EVER SMELL OLD DECAYING SCRAP MEAT, NIDDIES? IF YOU HAVE, YOU KNOW WHY ERNIE HATED HIS JOB! SOMETIMES THE SMELL WAS SO BAD...

BUT ERNIE'D STUCK TO IT... AND AFTER A FEW MONTHS, HE WAS PROMOTED TO THE RENDING VATS...

LISTEN, YOU! CALL ME MR. ANDERSON, SEE? GUT THAT 'BENNY' STUFF! I HAPPEN TO BE THE BOSS HERE!

OKAY... MISTER ANDERSON...

ERNIE! WHEN YOU GET THROUGH WITH ...WITH... SMATTER, KID? YOU SICK?

UH... MUH.

GOT THAT VAT FULL OF WATER, ERNIE?

YEAH, BENNY! SHE'S FULL! AND THE SCRAP'S'RE IN...

THE RENDING VATS WERE HUGE CAULDRONS INTO WHICH THE SCRAP MEAT WAS PLACED! THEN THE VATS WERE FILLED WITH WATER...

AFTER THE WATER IN THE VATS CAME TO A BOIL, THE FAT AND OILS IN THE MEAT ROSE TO THE SURFACE OF THE SUBBLING LIQUID...

OKAY! FIRE 'ER UP!

YES, SIR... MISTER ANDERSON... SIR!

OPEN THE DRAIN-OFF VALVE!

RIGHT!

The Complete Library



If you like the book you're holding, then you'll **love** this comprehensive collection of **every** E.C. New Trend and New Direction comic book, packaged in 13 deluxe, slipcased sets, as illustrated above.

These oversized, 9" x 12" sets consist of 53 hardbound books, Smythe-sewn for durability, and printed in black and white, so the fine craftsmanship of the E.C. artists can be studied and enjoyed to its fullest. All covers are in brilliant full color!

Because of the care and expense that goes into producing each set, the retail price ranges from \$50, for the two-book sets, to \$110 for the five-book sets.

These books are not sold in chain bookstores, but are available only from the publisher and selected comic book specialty shops. For complete information, write to:

Russ Cochran, Publisher P.O. Box 469 West Plains, MO 65775

THEN THE WATER WAS DRAINED OFF FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE MASSIVE BOILING KETTLES, AND THE REMAINING MOLTEN FATS AND OILS WERE SAPONIFIED.

OKAY! ADD THE LYE!

YES, SIR!

THE RAW SOAP WAS PERFUMED AND RUN OUT ONTO COLD ROLLERS WHERE IT SOLIDIFIED! THE HARDENED SOAP WAS THEN FLAKED OFF THE ROLLERS AND PRESSED INTO THE FAMILIAR SOAP CAKE.

C'MON! LET'S KEEP IT MOVING! LET'S GET THOSE CAKES TO THE WRAPPING MACHINE!

ERNIE DESPISED BENNY ANDERSON! BENNY WAS CONSTANTLY ON HIS NECK... MAKING IT TOUGH FOR ERNIE...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU WENT OUT FOR A SMOKE? I'LL TELL YOU WHEN YOU CAN TAKE A BREAK!

OKAY... OKAY...

BUT IN SPITE OF BENNY ANDERSON'S CONSTANT NAGGING, ERNIE CONTINUED TO ADVANCE HIMSELF IN THE HUDSON SOAP FACTORY! SOON, HE BECAME ASSISTANT MANAGER.

SO NOW YOU'RE MY ASSISTANT, EH, ERNIE? WELL, YOU'D BETTER KEEP ON THE BALL!

DON'T WORRY, BENNY! I KNOW YOU'D LIKE TO GET RID OF ME!

IT LOOKED LIKE ERNIE'D MOVED UP ABOUT AS HIGH AS HE COULD GO IN THE FACTORY! AS OLD MR. HUDSON PUT IT...

SURE, ERNIE! I KNOW YOU'RE A CAPABLE WORKER! BUT WHAT CAN I DO? ANDERSON'S JOB WOULD BE YOUR NEXT STEP... BUT HE'S NOT LEAVING!

YEAH! I UNDERSTAND, MR. HUDSON!

THE OLD MAN WAS RIGHT! BENNY'D BEEN THERE FOR YEARS! HE WASN'T LEAVING! ERNIE NEVER BECAME MANAGER UNLESS...

...UNLESS SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HIM! WHAT IF HE...JUST... DISAPPEARED?

ERNIE MADE UP HIS MIND! HE WAS GOING TO KILL BENNY ANDERSON! IT WOULD BE EASY... VERY EASY! ONE NIGHT... AFTER THE FACTORY WAS DESERTED... ERNIE RETURNED! BENNY'D STAYED TO CHECK THE INVENTORY...

WHAT WAS THAT? WHO...WHO'S THERE? OH...IT'S YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING...HERE... THIS TIME OF...ERNIE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT KNIFE?

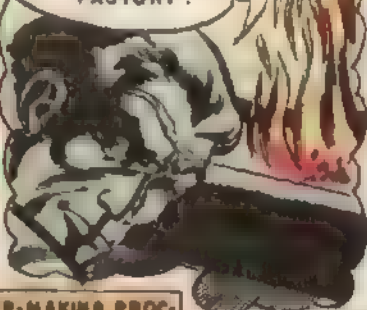
ERNIE BROUGHT THE KNIFE DOWN...AGAIN AND AGAIN... UNTIL BENNY'S LIFELESS BODY LAY COVERED WITH BLOOD! THEN HE CARRIED THE CORPSE TO THE RENDING VATS...

THERE'LL BE *NOTHING LEFT* OF YOU WHEN *I'M* THROUGH, BENNY!



IT TOOK ERNIE ALMOST AN HOUR TO DISMEMBER BENNY'S BODY! THEN HE FILLED THE VAT WITH WATER AND FIRED IT...

...AND WHEN YOU DON'T SHOW UP FOR WORK FOR A FEW DAYS, *I'LL BE MANAGER* OF THE HUDSON SOAP FACTORY!



AFTER THE WATER CAME TO A BOIL, AND THE FATS AND OILS GATHERED ON THE SURFACE, ERNIE OPENED THE DRAIN-OFF VALVE AND THE RENDERED REMAINS OF BENNY ANDERSON WERE RUN OFF INTO THE WASTE BINE WHERE THEY MIXED WITH THE REST OF THE DAY'S RENDERED SCRAPS...

TOMORROW MORNING, BRIGHT AND EARLY, THEY'LL *EMPTY* THIS BIN AND CART IT AWAY...



THEN ERNIE CONTINUED THE SOAP-MAKING PROCESS WITH THE FATS AND OILS RENDERED FROM BENNY'S REMAINS...

HEH, HEH! LOOK AT YOU, BENNY! LOOK AT YOU *NOW!* JUST A COUPLE DOZEN CAKES OF SOAP!



AT FIRST, ERNIE'D PLANNED ON *DESTROYING* THE BARS OF SOAP THAT HAD BEEN MADE FROM BENNY'S DISMEMBERED CORPSE... BUT A WEIRD, STRANGE FASCINATION MADE HIM DECIDE...

NO! I WON'T THROW THEM AWAY! I'LL KEEP THEM... TO *REMEMBER* YOU BY!



AND SO ERNIE MATSON BECAME MANAGER OF THE HUDSON SOAP FACTORY! AND WITH HIS PROMOTION, CAME THE FABULOUS SALARY THAT SOON BROUGHT HIM THE CLOTHES, LUXURIOUS APARTMENT, AND THE WILD LIFE HE'D ALWAYS WANTED...

HERE'S TO YOU, BENNY! THANKS...FOR EVERYTHING!



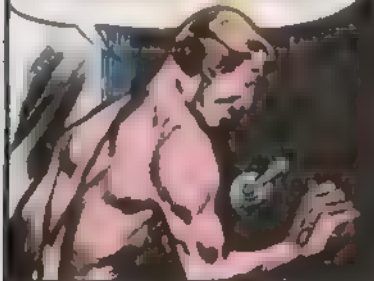
NOW ERNIE SHUFFLES INTO THE RICHLY TILED BLACK BATHROOM...THE CAKE OF SOAP IN HIS HAND...

VIRGINIA! THAT'S HER NAME! NOW I REMEMBER! WHAT A GORGEOUS BASE!



ERNIE STEPS INTO THE BLACK-TILED STALL SHOWER AND SLIPS THE CAKE OF SOAP INTO THE WALL RECEPTACLE! CAUTIOUSLY HE TURNS THE FAUCETS, ADJUSTING THE TEMPERATURE OF THE WATER.

GOTTA BE CAREFUL! THEY CERTAINLY SEND UP SCALDING HOT WATER IN THIS JOINT!



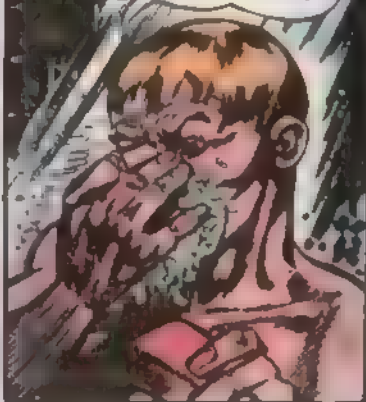
WITH THE TEMPERATURE OF THE SHOWER SPRAY TO HIS LIKING, ERNIE BEGINS TO SOAP HIMSELF, WORKING UP A FOAMY LATHER.

TUM-TA-TUN-DE-DUM-DUM!
MY HEART CRIES FOR YOU,
DUM-TA-DUM, DUM-DE-DUM!



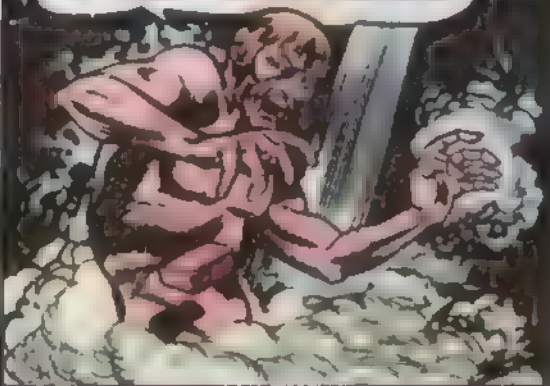
SUDDENLY, ERNIE'S EYES BEGIN TO ITCH! FOOLISHLY, HE LIFTS A SOAPY HAND TO RUB THEM.

OOWWWWWWWW!



THE SOAP IN HIS EYES IS LIKE ACID! THE PAIN IS EXCRUCIATING! ERNIE DROPS THE BAR OF SOAP...REACHING FOR THE FAUCET.

MY EYES! THEY'RE BURNING!



BLINDED, ERNIE FUMBLES FOR THE FAUCETS! HIS HAND CLOSES ON ONE! HE TURNS IT.

OH, LORD! THAT'S THE COLD WATER I'VE SHUT OFF!



FRANTICALLY, ERNIE REACHES THROUGH THE SCALDING STREAM OF WATER, TRYING TO FIND THE HOT WATER FAUCET...

OOWW! DRAT IT! IT'S TOO HOT! MY EYES! MUST GET OUT OF HERE...



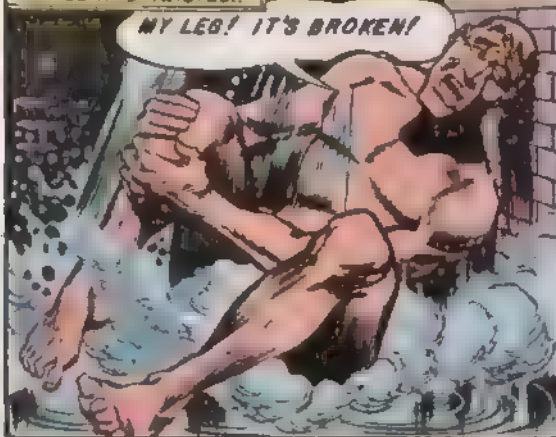
ERNIE TURNS, STILL NOT ABLE TO SEE, AND REACHES FOR THE STALL SHOWER DOOR HANDLE! BUT SOMETHING SLINY SKIDS FROM BENEATH HIS FOOT.

YAAAAAHH!



ERNIE LAYS SPRAWLED ON THE SMOOTH FLOOR OF THE STALL SHOWER... HIS RIGHT LEG HORRIBLY DISTORTED AND TWISTED...

MY LEG! IT'S BROKEN!



THE SCALDING SHOWER OF HOT WATER POURS DOWN UPON THE CRUMPLED SCREAMING FIGURE

I... I CAN'T GET UP!
EEEEEEAAAAAAGH!



ERNIE, HIS EYES TORTURED WITH THE BURNING SOAP SUDS... HIS LEG PAINFULLY BROKEN... THE SCALDING WATER STREAMING DOWN ON HIM... TRIES IN VAIN TO REACH FOR THE SHOWER DOOR! HE CANNOT LOCATE IT! IT LIES JUST BEYOND HIS GROPING FINGER TIPS...

H-E-L-L-LP!
FOR GOD'S SAKE...



SLOWLY, THE STEAMING WATER BEGINS TO FILL UP THE STALL SHOWER, RISING UP THE THRASHING FIGURE UNTIL IT REACHES HIS BEET-RED FACE...

I'M GOING TO
DROWN!



WITH ONE LAST PAIN-WRACKED EFFORT ERNIE TRIES TO GET UP... BUT HIS BROKEN LEG COLLAPSES AND HE SINKS BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE WATER FILLING THE STALL SHOWER...

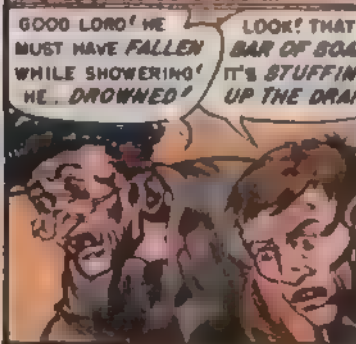
A-A-A-G-LUG-G-G-G-G



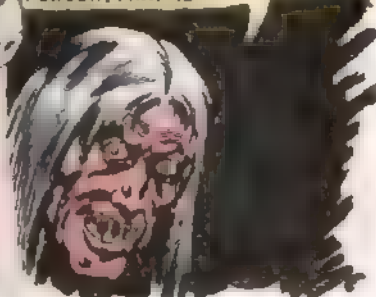
WHEN THE SUPERINTENDANT INVESTIGATED THE COMPLAINT THAT THE CEILING IN THE APARTMENT BELOW ERNIE'S WAS DRIPPING WATER, HE FOUND THE WATER-FILLED STALL SHOWER WITH ERNIE'S BAW-LOOKING DEAD BODY...

GOOD LORD! WE
MUST HAVE FALLEN
WHILE SHOWERING!
HE... DROWNED!

LOOK! THAT
BAR OF SOAP!
IT'S STUFFING
UP THE DRAIN!



HEH, HEH! YEP! ERNIE WAS LATE FOR HIS DATE THAT NIGHT! WELL... THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A MURDERER WANTS TO COME CLEAN! SO BENNY FINALLY WORKED HIMSELF INTO A LATHER AND GOT HIS REVENGE. EH? ALL I CAN SAY IS MORE POWDER TO HIM... SOAP POWDER, THAT IS!

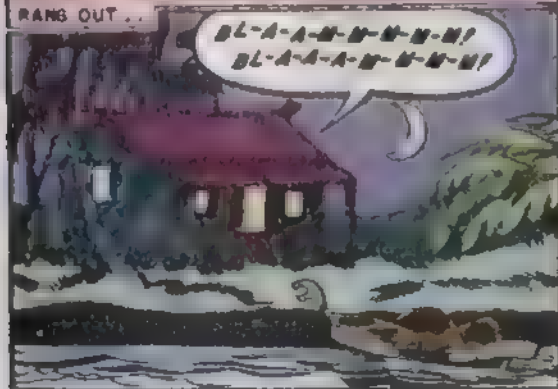


HERE'S A TALE THAT'S A REAL HAIR-RAISER!
IT OUGHT TO RATE TOPS WITH YOU! I CALL IT...

DEAD WAIT!



THE TROPIC NIGHT HUNG OVER THE ISLAND LIKE A WET BLANKET, HOT AND OPPRESSIVE! FROM OUT ACROSS THE BLACK PACIFIC, A FAINT BREEZE STIRRED, MOVING LAZILY THROUGH THE TOWERING COCOANUT PALMS! THE PLANTATION HOUSE LAY SILENT BENEATH THE STARRY SKY! SUDDENLY TWO SHOTS RANG OUT...



'RED' BUCKLEY STOOD OVER THE PROSTRATE BODY OF HIS FORMER BOSS... THE PLANTATION OWNER, EMIL DUVAL! A TINY WHISP OF SMOKE DRIFTED UPWARD FROM THE BLACK MUZZLE OF THE AUTOMATIC THAT 'RED' HELD FIRMLY IN HIS HAND... STILL POINTED AT THE DEAD FRENCH PLANTER.



BEHIND THE RED-HEADED MURDERER, A SMALL COAL-BLACK NATIVE GRINNED IN THE SHADOWS WATCHING WITH WIDE EYES! BUCKLEY STEPPED OVER DUVAL'S BODY AND MOVED TO A SMALL SAFE IN THE WALL OF THE PLANTATION HOUSE...

NOW 'RIGHT, TEN... LEFT TO SIX... RIGHT AGAIN TO TEN...

THE DOOR OF THE SAFE OPENED, AND 'RED' REACHED IN...

FOUR YEARS I'VE WAITED! FOUR YEARS AND NOW IT'S MINE!

'RED' HELD THE VELVET-BLACK SPHERE UP SO THAT THE LIGHT FROM THE KEROSENE LAMP DANCED OVER ITS GLEAMING SURFACE...

FINALLY THE BLACK PEARL IS MINE! LOOK AT IT, KULU! THERE IS NO PEARL IN THE WHOLE WORLD LIKE THIS ONE!

THE COWERING NATIVE STARED AT THE PEARL FROM HIS HIDING PLACE IN THE SHADOWS! THE WHITES OF HIS EYES SHONE BRIGHTLY REFLECTING THE GLOW OF THE FLICKERING LAMP...

WHAT ARE YOU FRIGHTENED OF, KULU! DUVAL IS DEAD! STOP GRINNING LIKE A FRIGHTENED MONKEY! COME OUT OF THERE! HERE, LOOK AT IT! MY BLACK PEARL!

THE NATIVE SHUFFLED FORWARD... HIS EYES GLUED TO THE SMALL BLACK SPHERE THAT 'RED' HELD BETWEEN HIS FINGERS! HE STUDIED IT FOR A MOMENT... THEN EXCLAIMED...

COME, MISSAH BUCKLEY! WE GO NOW! BOAT READY! WE GO... HURRY-HURRY!

YEAH, KULU! LET'S GO! MY BUSINESS HERE IS FINISHED!

'RED' TOOK A LAST LOOK AT THE DEAD PLANTER SPAT, AND FOLLOWED THE NATIVE OUT THE DOOR! THE TWO FIGURES MOVED SILENTLY DOWN TO THE BEACH WHERE A NATIVE OUTRIGGER CANOE WAS PULLED UP ON THE WHITE SAND...

GOT ENOUGH FOOD AND WATER, KULU?

YESSA, MISSAH! GOT PLENTY...

BUCKLEY CLIMBED INTO THE OUTRIGGER AND KULU SHOVED OFF INTO THE ONGOING SURF...

WELL, KULU! IN THREE DAYS WE'LL BE IN BANGGAI AND I'LL BE CATCHIN' THAT STEAMER, EH?

THREE DAYS! YASSA, MISSAH BUCKLEY!

AS THE OUTRIGGER SKIMMED OVER THE CRESTS OF THE INCOMING BREAKERS, 'RED' WATCHED THE FLICKERING LIGHTS OF THE PLANTATION-HOUSE FADE INTO THE NIGHT! IT HAD BEEN FOUR YEARS AGO THAT HE'D FIRST SEEN THE LIGHTS OF THE PLANTATION SHINING THROUGH THE MIST...

THERE SHE IS, MR BUCKLEY!
THAT'S MY PLANTATION!

LOOKS OKAY, MR.
DUVAL!

RED'D WAITED THREE MONTHS IN BANGGAI FOR DUVAL TO SHOW UP! HE'D SPENT ALMOST A YEAR TRACING THE FABULOUS BLACK PEARL TO THIS FRENCH PLANTER...

YOU SURE HE'LL
BE HERE? IT'S BEEN
ALMOST THREE MONTHS!

I'M TELLIN' YUH, MR BUCKLEY!
DUVAL COMES DOWN HERE
FROM HIS ISLAND TO BUY
PROVISIONS REGULARLY! I
DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE
AIN'T BEEN HERE - OH-OH!
THERE HE COMES NOW!

RED'D APPROACHED THE JOVIAL
LOOKING FRENCHMAN AND INTRO-
DUCED HIMSELF

ZO, M'SIEU BUCKLEY!
AND WHAT CAN I
DO FOR YOU?

I'D LIKE A
JOB, MR. DUVAL!
I'LL DO
ANYTHING!

DUVAL'D BEEN THRILLED AT
HAVING ANOTHER WHITE MAN
ON THE ISLAND WITH HIM! HE'D
JUMPED AT THE CHANCE...

GNESS, DUVAL?
OH, YEAM! I
PLAY A FAIR
GAME!

YOU'RE
HIRED,
M'SIEU!

DUVAL'S PLANTATION WAS LOCATED
ON ONE OF THE MANY ISLANDS THAT
MADE UP THE GROUP KNOWN AS THE
SOELAS! THE PLANTATION ITSELF
WAS WORKED BY NATIVES OF THE
SURROUNDING ISLANDS...

IT EES GOOD TO
HAVE A WHITE
MAN ON MATUAH
AGAIN!

IT'S GOOD
TO BE
HERE,
DUVAL!

DUVAL'D BEEN SICK WITH SOME TROPICAL DISEASE!
THAT WAS WHY HE'D BEEN DETAINED SETTING DOWN
TO BANGGAI! AND THAT WAS WHY HE'D HIRED RED! THE
FEVER'D LEFT HIM WEAK! RED COULD TAKE OVER THE
PHYSICAL WORK OF RUNNING THE PLANTATION FOR
HIM...

YOU'VE GOT TO BE
TOUGH ON THESE
NATIVES, M'SIEU!
THEY ARE LAZY!

DON'T WORRY, DUVAL! I'LL
MAKE 'EM TOE THE LINE!

DUVAL AND BUCKLEY'D BECOME QUITE FRIENDLY IN
THE YEAR THAT FOLLOWED! FINALLY, ONE NIGHT, RED'D
WORKED THE CONVERSATION AROUND TO PRECIOUS
GEMS...

GIVE ME AN EMERALD
ANY TIME, DUVAL!
THAT'S REAL
BEAUTY!

NO, M'SIEU! YOU HAVE NOT
SEEN REAL BEAUTY UNTIL
YOU HAVE SEEN A
BLACK PEARL!

BLACK PEARL.
DUVAL? YOU'VE
SEEN ONE?

OUI, M'SIEU!
I HAVE...
SEEN ONE!

BUONLEY'D TRIED TO PUMP DUVAL
BUT THE OLD FRENCHMAN'D
CLAMMED UP! THAT WAS ALL HE'D
SAY ABOUT THE BLACK PEARL RED
WAS SURE HE OWNED! THEN ONE
NIGHT...

WHO'S OUT THERE?
COME OUT OF THOSE
BUSHES OR I'LL
SHOOT!

NO
SHOOT,
MISSAH!

THAT'S BEEN RUIN! HE'D BEEN
HANGING AROUND BUCKLEY'S BUM-
GALOW...

WHAT WERE YOU
DOING OUT THERE?

MEAN NO HARM,
MISSAH! WANNA
BE HOUSE-BOY...
SERVANT ANYTHING
...TO YOU, MISSAH!

KULU'D PLEADED WITH RED TO LET HIM STAY! HE
WANTED TO BE RED'S SERVANT! RED'D FINALLY GIVEN IN.

OKAY, KULU! YOU CAN STAY!
BUT KEEP OUT OF MY HAIR, SEE?

YAHSAH, MISSAH!
YAHSAH!

IT WAS AFTER TWO YEARS OF HARD WORK THAT
RED'D FINALLY WORKED HIMSELF INTO DUVAL'S
CONFIDENCE! ONE NIGHT THE OLD FRENCHMAN
GAVE OUT...

YOU ASKED ME ONCE EEF I
EVER SAW A BLACK PEARL,
M'SIEU? YOU REMEMBER?

YEAH, DUVAL!
I REMEMBER!

WELL, M'SIEU! NOT ONLY
HAVE I SEEN ONE...
I OWN ONE!

YOU DO? WHERE?
LET ME SEE IT!

OH, NO, M'SIEU! THE PEARL IS
WORTH A FORTUNE! WE ARE
TWO MEN ALONE ON THEES
ISLAND! IT WOULD BE FOOLISH
FOR ME TO TELL YOU WHERE
I KEEP IT! NOT THAT I
DON'T TRUST YOU...

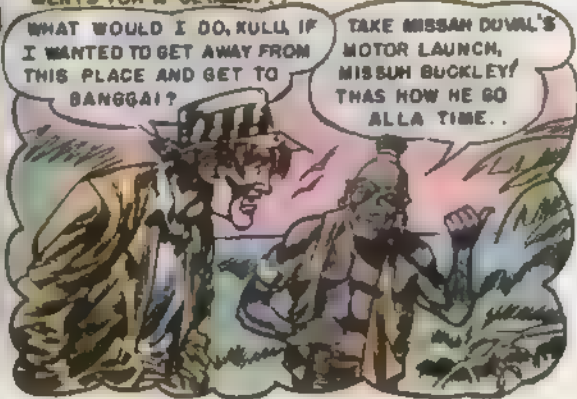
OH...YEAH! I
DON'T BELIEVE
YOU, DUVAL!
I'D DO THE
SAME THING!
FORGET IT!



DUVAL'D FALLEN FOR IT! HE'D GONE TO THE SAFE... LOADED GUN IN HAND... AND TAKEN OUT THE BLACK PEARL...



BUT RED'D GOTTEN THE INFORMATION HE'D WANTED! HE'D MEMORIZED THE COMBINATION OF THE SAFE! NOW ALL THAT WAS LEFT WAS TO MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR A GETAWAY...

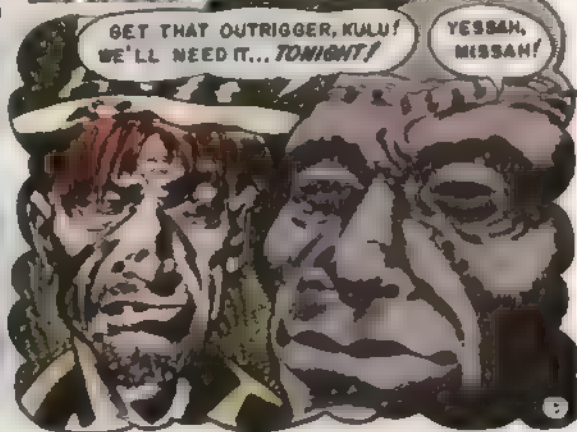


NO, KULU! I MEAN IF I WANTED TO GET TO BANGGAI SECRETLY... WITHOUT ATTRACTING ATTENTION!

I COULD TAKE YOU THERE IN NATIVE CANOE... MISSAH! TRIP LONG... THREE DAYS MAYBE...



EVERYTHING WAS SET! RED'D WAITED FOR THE ANNUAL STEAMER TO COME TO BANGGAI! THEN, FOUR HOURS BEFORE...



AND NOW IT WAS OVER! RED HAD THE PEARL AND KULU WAS PADDLING HIM TOWARD BANGGAI! THE LIGHTS OF DUVAL'S PLANTATION WERE GONE NOW.

LOOK AT IT, KULU! THERE'S NO PEARL IN THE WHOLE WORLD LIKE THIS ONE! AND I WORKED LONG, TOO... FOUR YEARS... TO GET IT!

KULU REMAINED SILENT! HE STARED OUT OVER THE VAST EXPANSE OF WATER AS RED RAVED ON...

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU HUNG AROUND AS LONG AS YOU DID, KULU! I TREATED YOU PRETTY ROUGH SOMETIMES!

KULU DID NOT ANSWER! UP AHEAD, DANCING LIGHTS PIN-POINTED THE SMOOR

S'MATTER, KULU? YOU SORE AT ME? DON'T WORRY! I'LL PAY YOU OFF IN BANGGAI! I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU! I'LL...HUN?

FAINLY... BUT GROWING EVER STEADILY LOUDER... THE THROB OF DRUMS DRIFTED ACROSS THE TOSSING BLACK EXPANSE...

WHAT'S THAT, KULU? DRUMS! NATIVE DRUMS! WE'RE HEADED TOWARD THEM! KULU? WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

THE ISLAND LOOMED UP BEFORE THEM! THE FIRES LIT UP THE BEACH... ILLUMINATING THE GLEAMING, DANCING FIGURES! BUCKLEY SPUN AROUND! KULU STOOD OVER HIM... THE MACHETE IN HIS HAND REFLECTING THE FIRE-LIGHT...

KULU! MY GOD! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

I WAIT LONG TIME TOO, MISSAH BUCKLEY!

THE GLEAMING STEEL BLADE CAME DOWN WITH LIGHTENING SPEED. SEVERING 'RED' BUCKLEY'S HEAD FROM HIS SHOULDERS... CUTTING SHORT HIS BLOOD-CURLING SHRIEK...

THE GRINNING NATIVES GATHERED AROUND KULU AS HE HELD THE HEAD WITH THE RED HAIR HIGH FOR ALL OF THEM TO SEE! AND AS THEY OOLED AT IT, HE GRASSED (IN HIS NATIVE TONGUE)

THREE YEARS I WAIT... AND NOW, IT IS MINE! THERE IS NO HEAD IN ALL THE BOELAS LIKE THIS ONE!

WEN, WEN! YEP, KIDDIES! THAT'S THE STORY! RED DIDN'T USE HIS HEAD! & HE HAD, HE WOULD HAVE REALIZED THAT HE AND KULU WERE WORKIN' THE SAME RACKET... GETTING INTO A POSITION OF TRUST IN ORDER TO GET SOMETHING

THEY WANTED! WELL, THEY BOTH SUCCEEDED... ONLY KULU WAS JUST A LITTLE AHEAD OF THE GAME! AND NOW, I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THAT HAG, THE OLD WITCH... FOR HER HORROR YARN!

The VAULT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Yo, my bedeviled geek-a-zoid! Looky here what the old Vault-Keeper has had to put up with since last we visited. Some of you letter writers are downright sick. Please, park yourselves on a nice damp slab and help yourselves to a piping hot flagon of bat squeezin's while we wade through this issue's slough of despond:

Dear Vault-Keeper,

I have numbers one and two of your comics. They are cool! "Star Light, Star Bright," "Smoke Wrings," "Silver Threads Among the Mold," "Strictly From Hunger," "This Trick'll Kill You," "Midnight Mass," and "Bedtime Gory" were COOL! I can't wait for future issues.

Noah Pokorny
Evergreen, CO

You think our stories are "cool," eh? Well, so's this Vault! As a matter of fact, it's downright freezing in here! Fortunately, the Old Witch and I haven't had nerve endings for so long that it doesn't really matter.

Dear Vault-Keeper,

I don't like starting off my letters on a sentimental note, but I LOVE YOU GUYS! I think you're right V.K., why does C.K. get all the fame? He even has a TV show named after him. Personally, I think you are the best host, with your mixture of wit and delightful cannibalistic recipes. It's all so... so... tantalizing! By the way, could you make a recipe for a young, slightly overweight, 13-year-old boy? I have this brother, you see. Perhaps the Old Witch has something she'll share.

Stephen Fazio
San Diego, CA

The Old Witch gave me a few recipes as per your request. "Bizzin' Toads on a Stick" sounds good, but it's awful greasy. (It could make you break out... but there wouldn't be much point in that unless you were in prison, eh?) Of course I could suggest a personal favorite, "Brother's Bristle," which is battered and deep fried. It's very filling but a lot of work. You might want to let the that goof of a brother of yours live and get him addicted to our fine comic books. Then you'd have something in common!

Dear Vault-Keeper,

Once again you've proved your superiority over the boring Crypt-Keeper. But praising you is not why I'm writing this letter. I just had to voice my opinion concerning the myth that the Old Witch is a better talent than you are! If anyone thinks that you are not on the same wavelength as the Old Witch, then they are mentally ill! They should be locked up in one of your dreary

vaults, then you can torture them until you get the truth out. The truth being you're the greatest dead storyteller anyone ever knew!

Tasmanian Devil
Philadelphia, PA

Oh stop! (Gush!!) I only do what any self-respecting Vault-Keeper does, and that's tell better stories than anyone, alive or dead!

Dear Vault-Keeper,

The revival of your mag is the best thing that has happened in years. I'm a 24-year-old E.C. fanatic. I've acquired some of the original mags and purchased a hardback volume. Not only are you pleasing to old fans, but you're getting new ones too! So for some of us the stories are new. By the way V.K., I see you don't have Drusilla around the Vault anymore. Need another lady to take her place, tall, grotesque, and classy? (Hint, hint!) See ya next month! Oh, and remember that C.K. and O.W. can't come close to YOUR finesse! It's the host of the stories that help make them so entertaining to us fiend fans!

Laura Martin
Aurora, IL

P.S.: I mix wonderful Bat Bites and Bloody Marys!

Thanks a glob for your kind words, Laurel! I do like the Bloody Marys, but my favorite drink is Boil-Her-Makers with a twist of spine. (My chiropractor recommended it!) Yes, Drusilla is gone. It seems. It's so hard to keep good help alive these days. I will consider your offer, though. Of course, you couldn't possibly be "classy" and still work for me!

Hey V.K.:

I was reading your first mag, and you screwed up! Hal Hal in "Smoke Wrings" you misspelled "galy." I hope you know you put "galy" in your mag. HA! HA! HO! You also printed Laura when her name was Lorna. HA! HA! HA!

Abe Rembecker
Arnold, MO

P.S.: I hope the old Crypt-Keeper finds this funny.

Wow, Abe, what eyes you got! I guess some people have a pretty low threshold when it comes to humor! HA! HA! I guess I was thinking of Laura Martin! HA! HA! Hope our next issue makes you laugh your head off! HA! HA! Anyway, as long as you're READING our fine magazine, find all the mistakes you want, we'll make more! HA! HA!

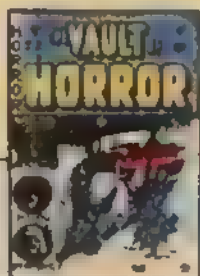
Ahem! Before we start having too much fun here, I think now is a good time to sign off for this issue. As the rock said to the moss on his back, "Thanks for 'Lichen' me!" If you've found that I've grown on you, don't hesitate a moment; grab a hunk of parchment and drop a line to:

The Vault-Keeper's Corner

P.O. Box 2079 • Prescott, AZ 86302 • (602) 776-1300

A RARE E.C. OFFER

Seventeen years ago a small publishing company called East Coast Comics reprinted a number of the original E.C.'s in full color as regular 32-page comic books. Without national distribution the market was not able to sustain their continuation. Shortly after they ceased production we bought the remaining small inventory, realizing they would become real collector's items someday. With the return of E.C. through Gladstone that day has come! None of these 1973 and '74 reprints is scheduled to be duplicated by Gladstone before 1992 and some later than that. The Shock SuspenStories comics have no place on our schedule at the present time. The following are available individually or as a lot while the very limited supply lasts.



☐ **Weird Science 15, Sept., 1962.....\$6.50**
Incredible issue, with the first E.C. story by Al Williamson, who quickly became a favorite, and "The Martians," one of Wallace Wood's best. Also, a photo and biography of Joe Orlando, who draws captive earthmen in "Bum Steer."

☐ **Shock SuspenStories 12, Dec., 1963..... \$6.50**
Drug abuse is dealt with for one of the first times in comics in the powerful Joe Orlando effort, "The Monkey." Reed Crandall's "The Kidnapper" generated mail from many parents. Wally Wood touches on suicide in "The Fall Guy." And a murderous alcoholic is portrayed in "Deadline" by Jack Kamen.

☐ **The Haunt of Fear 12 Mar., 1962.....\$6.50**
Two rotting corpse stories highlight an issue of great art by "Ghastly" Graham Ingels and Jack Davis. Johnny Craig has a story, biography and a photo. His story of a love triangle involves two shootings and a mysterious tattoo that miraculously implicates the killer.

☐ **Weird Fantasy 13, May, 1962..... \$5.50**
Special issue with two tales illustrated by Wallace Wood, including "Home to Stay," an unforgettable adaptation of two Ray Bradbury short stories. E.C.'s science fiction and horror editor/artist Al Feldstein has a bio with photo.

☐ **Crime SuspenStories 25, Oct., 1964.....\$5.50**
Jack Kamen's lead deals with multiple murder; Reed Crandall's story involves a knife and some "cutting up" during a prison break; Bernie Krigstein's effort chronicles madness, and George Evans' yarn weaves brutal fiction of a sadistic police lieutenant.

☐ **The Vault of Horror 28, Aug., 1962.....\$5.50**
Putrid pulsations of a ghoul and a vampire in love, werewolves, walking corpses and a voodoo curse are all rendered in color by Johnny Craig, Jack Davis, Sid Check and Graham Ingels.

☐ **Shock SuspenStories 8, Dec., 1962.....\$6.50**
One story each of crime, suspense, sci-fi and horror plus a biography and photo of fan favorite Wally Wood. Graham Ingels illustrates a rare appearance of the Old Witch outside the horror titles. Wood's "Under Cover" is a shocker dealing with overt prejudice that was largely ignored by society in the 1950s. Great issue!

☐ **The Haunt of Fear 28, Jan., 1964.....\$5.50**
Jack Kamen does one of his famous "Grim" Fairy Tale this time a horrific version of Hansel and Gretel. A day brooding, beautifully drawn Jack Davis swamp tale and werewolf story are also featured.

☐ **A full set of the eight classics shown above, while all are still available:.....\$44.50**

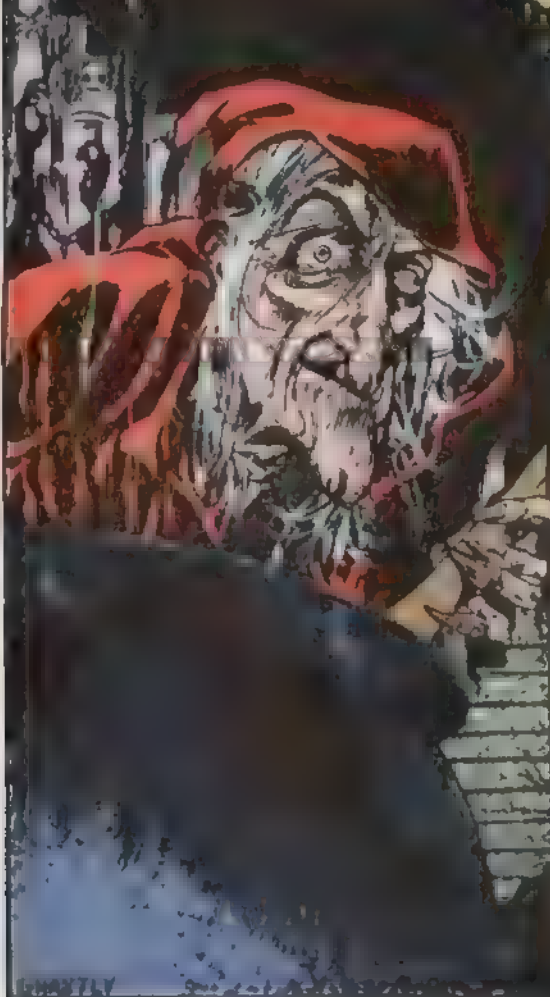
INSTRUCTIONS: Prices quoted include postage. List each comic on individual orders by title and number of original publication, as indicated above. Orders for complete sets do not need to list the comics. Each comic will be shipped individually bagged and securely wrapped. Make checks or money orders payable to Bruce Hamilton, Inc., and mail to:

Rare E.C. Offer • Bruce Hamilton • P.O. Box 4235 • Prescott, AZ 86302

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! WELL, THE FIRE'S LIT UNDER MY CAULDRON AGAIN SO COME INTO THE HAUNT OF FEAR! YEP, IT'S ME, THE OLD WITCH, READY TO DISH OUT ANOTHER OF MY CRAZY CONCOCTIONS OF GADAVEROUS COMPOUNDINGS DEALING WITH DISMAL DELVINGS INTO THE DEPRESSIVE! EVERYBODY READY? GOOD! THEN I'LL BEGIN THE MAD MORSEL OF MORBIDITY I CALL...

STAIRED... IN HORROR!



IRMA LEECHMAN STARED DOWN AT THE GRAVE OF HER LATE HUSBAND, A GROTESQUE SMILE CURLED OVER HER HARD-LOOKING FACE. THE BITING NOVEMBER WIND SWEEPED ACROSS THE MOUNDS OF BROWNING GRASS, WHISTLING BETWEEN THE SILENT HEADSTONES. THERE WAS A CRISP, CRUNCHING SOUND ON THE GRAVEL PATH BEHIND HER. IRMA TURNED.

OH! I, I'M AWFULLY
SORRY, MA'AM! I DIDN'T
MEAN TO... INTERRUPT...

THAT'S ALL RIGHT!
I WAS JUST LEAVING
ANYWAY!



IRMA EYED THE MILD-FACED NEWLY ARRIVED GENTLEMAN! HIS EYES WERE SOFT AND GLAZED! IRMA EXPECTED HIM TO BURST OUT CRYING ANY MINUTE! THEN SHE NOTICED THE GRAVE BESIDE HER LATE HUSBAND'S! THE MOUND WAS BARE...THE HEADSTONE NEW AND SHINING! SHE NODDED TOWARD IT...

YOURS? YES! MY WIFE! SHE DIED ABOUT A MONTH AGO! I...I COME HERE EVERY SUNDAY!

IRMA STIFLED THE DESIRE TO GIGGLE AT THE SENTIMENTAL OLD FOOL! THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME SHE'D VISITED HERMAN'S GRAVE SINCE HIS...~~DEATH!~~ THE SAD-~~DED MR. HORNBY!~~ TOWARD HERMAN'S GRAVE.

MY HUSBAND... DIED ABOUT SIX MONTHS AGO! I...I'VE BEEN AWAY!

ON! THAT'S WHY I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU HERE BEFORE!

YES! I FELT TERRIBLE ABOUT NOT BEING ABLE TO COME FOR THE LAST FIVE WEEKS?

I WOULDN'T MISS A SUNDAY! ETHEL WAS 30 GOOD! I...I HAVE NOTHING LEFT NOW! THE HOUSE SEEMS SO...SO EMPTY WITH OUT HER! WHY, EVEN THE SERVANTS...

SERVANTS? IRMA STUDIED HIM AS HE RAMBLED ON ABOUT HIS DEPARTED ETHEL! HIS OVERCOAT WAS CASHMERE AND LOOKED EXPENSIVE.

IF THIS GUY'S GOT SERVANTS...HE MUST BE RICH!

...SO I COME HERE... EVERY SUNDAY! THAT'S ALL I CAN DO!

IRMA SPOKE SO HER VOICE SOUNDED JUST RIGHT... WITH THAT LITTLE CRACKING TREMBLE.

I...I KNOW...NOW YOU...FEEL, MR... MR...

HORNBY! ROBERT HORNBY! AND YOU ARE...MRS. LEECHMAN...I SEE BY YOUR HUSBAND'S TOMBSTONE!

IRMA DROPPED HER EYELIDS...FLUTTERING THEM A LITTLE FOR EFFECT.

OH, MR. HORNBY! YOU'RE SO CLEVER...TO THINK OF THAT! I WOULDN'T HAVE... NOT IN A MILLION YEARS!

IT WAS NOTHING, MRS. LEECHMAN!

FOR A BRIEF PERIOD, THE WIDOW AND THE WIDOWER STOOD IN SILENCE BEFORE THEIR RESPECTIVE SPOUSES' GRAVES! THEN IRMA BLANCED AT HER WATCH...

OH, DEAR! I MUST HURRY! I'M LATE! I PROMISED I'D MEET A GIRL-FRIEND FOR LUNCH!

MY CAR IS PARKED OUTSIDE THE SEMETERY, MRS. LEECHMAN! COULD I GIVE YOU A LIFT?

WOULD YOU, MR. HORNSBY? THAT WOULD BE SO NICE! BUT I WOULDN'T WANT TO TAKE YOU OUT OF YOUR WAY!

NOT AT ALL, MRS LEECHMAN! I'D BE HAPPY TO! IF YOU'RE FINISHED...?

MR HORNSBY'S CAR WAS WAITING OUTSIDE THE CEMETERY GATE... JUST AS HE SAID! IRMA GASPED WHEN SHE SAW IT! IN THE OPEN FRONT SEAT, A CHAUFFEUR SAT RIGIDLY! IT WAS ONE OF THOSE BIG TWELVE CYLINDER LIMOUSINES THAT ONLY THE VERY WEALTHY COULD AFFORD...

OH, MY! WHAT AN EXQUISITE AUTOMOBILE!

IT'S A ROLLS-ROYCE...IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND! I SAVED IT TO ETHEL FOR OUR SECOND WEDDING ANNIVERSARY!

IRMA GAVE MR. HORNSBY THE NAME OF A RESTAURANT IN TOWN AND HE ASKED IT ON TO THE CHAUFFEUR! THEY DROVE INTO THE CITY IN SILENCE... IRMA DRINKING IN THE LUXURY OF THE CAR! WHEN THEY PULLED UP...

THANK YOU SO MUCH, MR. HORNSBY! THIS WAS VERY KIND OF YOU!

GOOD AFTER-NOON, MRS. LEECHMAN! I'LL BE...ER... SEEING YOU NEXT WEEK?

NEXT WEEK? OH! YES! OF COURSE!

GOOD! ALL RIGHT, ALEX! HOME PLEASE!

IRMA WALKED ON TO HER APARTMENT FROM WHERE MR. HORNSBY HAD GROPED HER! OF COURSE SHE'D HAD NO APPPOINTMENT WITH A GIRL-FRIEND! THAT WAS JUST AN EXCUSE SHE'D USED! WHEN SHE ARRIVED, SHE SPRAWLED ON A COUCH AND LIT A CIGARETTE! SHE KEPT THINKING OF THAT GREAT BIG EXPENSIVE CAR...

HE MUST BE LOADED!

IRMA MADE UP HER MIND RIGHT THEN AND THERE THAT ROBERT HORNSBY...AND HIS DOUGH...WERE FOR HER! SHE THANKED HER LUCKY STARS THAT SHE'D SUDDENLY GOTTEN THE BRIGHT IDEA TO VISIT HERMAN'S GRAVE THAT DAY! SHE'D GONE THERE FOR APPEARANCE'S SAKE...SO PEOPLE WOULD THINK SHE WAS MOURNING FOR HIM...SO THEY WOULDN'T SUSPECT...

...SO THEY WON'T SUSPECT THE TRUTH... THAT I MURDERED THE CRUM... FOR HIS INSURANCE!

THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY, IRMA WENT AGAIN TO THE CEMETERY! AS SHE STOOD BEFORE HER LATE HUSBAND'S GRAVE, WAITING FOR ROBERT HORNSBY TO SHOW UP, SHE SNEERED DOWN AT IT...

YOU NEVER WERE MUCH GOOD TO ME WHILE YOU WERE ALIVE, HERMAN! MAYBE...NOW THAT YOU'RE DEAD...YOU'LL BE SOME GOOD AFTER ALL! IF I CAN HOOK ROBERT HORNSBY, I'LL BE SET FOR LIFE!



Don't miss a single issue of the horror and science fiction titles you love! **Subscribe** like the lucky kid up there. Every issue will be sent to you in a plastic polybag with sturdy cardboard backing. Subscriptions outside the U.S. will be shipped in manila envelopes with cardboard backing for extra protection.

Gladstone Publishing, Ltd. • P.O. Box 2079 • Prescott, AZ 86302

Gadzooks! You bet I want to subscribe! My check/money order for \$_____ is enclosed. Please enter my six-issue subscription to the titles I've checked below. Outside U.S. Remit in U.S. funds by check or money order drawn on U.S. bank, or use credit card.

- ☐ Tales from the Crypt (all double-sized issues)
☐ The Vault of Horror (all double-sized issues).
☐ Weird Science (all double-sized issues)

U.S.	Outside U.S.
\$12.00	\$17.00
\$12.00	\$17.00
\$12.00	\$17.00

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____ Country _____

☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard # _____ Exp. date _____

Signature _____ (You may use VISA/MasterCard for orders over \$35.00)

All subscriptions start with the next issue published. Offer expires 12/31/90

AS IRMA WAITED FOR ROBERT HORNSBY, HER THOUGHTS WENT BACK TO THOSE MISERABLE YEARS WHEN SHE WAS MARRIED TO HERMAN LEECHMAN...

LOOK AT THESE **BILLS**. ALL **UNPAID**. AND I HAVEN'T BOUGHT A **NEW DRESS** IN **MONTHS**.

IRMA! I'M **WORKING** AS HARD AS I CAN! **LEAVE** ME ALONE. **HUH?**

'**LEAVE ME ALONE!**' THAT'S ALL YOU CAN SAY! **YEAH!** I'LL **LEAVE YOU ALONE**... **YOU'RE DEAD!**

AND YOU **COLLECT MY INSURANCE!**

YOUR **INSURANCE?** **WHAT INSURANCE?**

I TOOK OUT A **POLICY**. I... I WANTED TO **LEAVE YOU PROVIDED** FOR IN CASE ANYTHING SHOULD **HAPPEN** TO ME!

THAT WAS ALL IRMA'D NEEDED! THE IDEA THAT HERMAN HAD TAKEN OUT A LIFE INSURANCE POLICY IN HER NAME HAD BURNED IN IRMA'S BRAIN UNTIL SHE'D FINALLY DECIDED...

I CAN'T **STAND** HIM ANY LONGER! I'VE GOT TO GET **RID** OF HIM! I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN **ACCIDENT**!

AND THEN THE OPPORTUNITY'D COME! SHE AND HERMAN HAD GONE FOR A WEEK-END TRIP TO THE SEACOAST! THEY'D STAYED IN A RUN-DOWN TOURIST HOME! ONE EVENING THEY'D GONE OUT WALKING ON THE LONELY CLIFFS... IN THE MOONLIGHT...

LOOK, IRMA! A **DESERTED LIGHTHOUSE!** LET'S TAKE A LOOK!

ALL RIGHT, HERMAN!

SHE'D FOLLOWED HERMAN INTO THE ABANDONED LIGHTHOUSE AND UP THE RUSTY WINDING SPIRAL STAIRCASE UP, UP, UP TO THE VERY TOP...

ONLY A LITTLE **HIGHER**, IRMA! **TIRED?**

NO, HERMAN! **GO AHEAD!** I'M **NOT TIRED!**

THEY'D COME OUT ONTO THE BALCONY! THE SEA'D CHURNED AND ROARED HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW, AT THE BASE OF THE CLIFFS! HERMAN HAD GONE TO THE RAILING... TO ADMIRE THE VIEW... ALL SILVERY IN THE MOONLIGHT! IRMA'D MOVED FORWARD... LIKE A CAT... AND SHOVED HARD...

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!

THEY'D CALLED HERMAN'S DEATH AN ACCIDENT AND IRMA RECEIVED THE INSURANCE! NOW, FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HER INTERRUPTED HER REVERIE! MR HORNBSBY APPROACHED. HE SMILED AT IRMA...

GOOD AFTERNOON, MRS. LEECHMAN! YOU GOT HERE EARLY, I SEE!

YES, MR HORNBSBY! AND HOW ARE YOU TODAY?



HEE, HEE! YEP! IRMA HAD IT ALL PLANNED! AND IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR HER PLANS TO BEGIN WORKING OUT! A FEW MORE SUNDAYS AT THEIR RESPECTIVE LATE- SPOUSES' GRAVES... A COCKTAIL TOGETHER... DINNER... AND THEN, ONE SUNDAY...



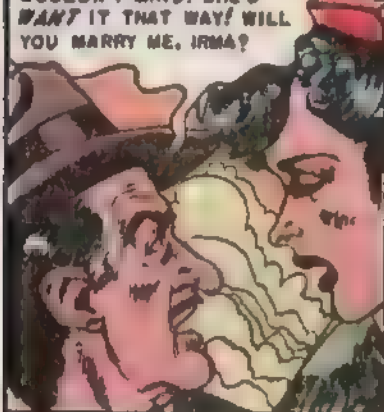
WE'RE BOTH *LONELY* PEOPLE, IRMA! THERE'S NO REASON WHY WE SHOULD *GO ON* BEING LONELY!

ROBERT! ARE YOU *PROPOSING* TO ME... *HERE?*

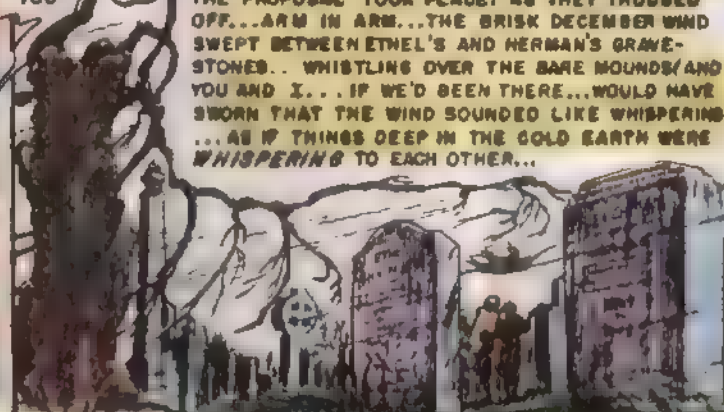


WHY NOT? I'M SURE ETHEL WOULD UNDERSTAND! SHE WOULDN'T MIND! SHE'D *WANT* IT THAT WAY! WILL YOU MARRY ME, IRMA?

OH, YES, ROBERT! YES! I'LL MARRY YOU!



SO IRMA HOOKED ROBERT HORNBSBY! RIGHT THERE IN FRONT OF HER HUSBAND'S AND HIS WIFE'S GRAVES THE PROPOSAL TOOK PLACE! AS THEY TRUDGED OFF... ARM IN ARM... THE BRISK DECEMBER WIND SWEEPED BETWEEN ETHEL'S AND HERMAN'S GRAVE-STONES... WHISTLING OVER THE BARE MOUNDS/AND YOU AND I... IF WE'D BEEN THERE... WOULD HAVE SWORN THAT THE WIND SOUNDED LIKE WHISPERING... AS IF THINGS DEEP IN THE GROUND WERE WHISPERING TO EACH OTHER...



WHEN IRMA AND ROBERT HORNBSBY RETURNED FROM THEIR HONEYMOON, ROBERT TOOK HIS NEW WIFE TO HIS PALATIAL COUNTRY ESTATE...

WELL, IRMA! THIS IS IT! HOW DO YOU LIKE HORNBSBURY?

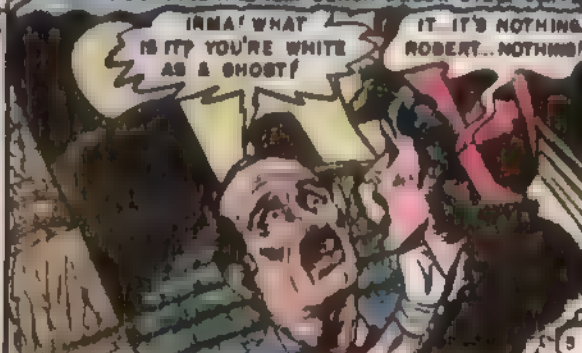
OH, ROBERT! IT'S *BEAUTIFUL!* IT... IT... *GOOD GOD!*



IRMA STARED WIDE-EYED AT THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE THAT ROSE FROM THE BLEAMING FOYER AND WOUND UP TO A BALCONY HIGH OVERHEAD! SUDDENLY, INSIDE HER BRAIN, A THROBBING BEGAN... A SOUND LIKE SURF POUNDING A LONELY BEACH BELOW STEEP CLIFFS.

IRMA! WHAT IS IT? YOU'RE WHITE AS A GHOST!

IT... IT'S NOTHING, ROBERT... NOTHING!



THE FIRST THING THAT IRMA DID AS MISTRESS OF HORN-BRIAR, WAS TO HAVE THE ROOMS ON THE BALCONY SEALED UP! SHE REFUSED TO USE THE WINDING SPIRAL STAIRCASE...

BUT, IRMA!
I DON'T
UNDER-
STAND...

I HATE
SPIRAL STAIR-
CASES.
ROBERT...
THAT'S ALL!

AFTER THAT, SHE PRO-
CEEDED TO MAKE ROBERT'S
LIFE MISERABLE BY NAGGING
AND CRITICISING HIM...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN
YOU'RE GOING TO
VISIT ETHEL'S
GRAVE? YOU'RE
MARRIED TO
ME NOW! I
FORBID IT!

IRMA!
HOW
COULD
YOU...?

IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE
IRMA'S CONSTANT REPRIMAND-
ING AND ABUSE OF ROBERT
CAUSED HIM TO BECOME NER-
VOUS AND RUN-DOWN...AND
FINALLY TO FALL SERIOUSLY
ILL...

P.PLEASE,
IRMA! C..CALL
...DOCTOR
HAWKS FOR
ME!

DON'T BE A FOOL,
ROBERT! YOU'RE
NOT SICK! MAY-
BE YOUR STUPID
EX-WIFE INDULGED
YOU...BUT NOT
ME! NOW GET
UP!

IRMA KEPT IT UP! ROBERT GOT PROGRES-
SIVELY WORSE! ONE NIGHT, HER INSULTS
TOWARD ETHEL AND HER INCESSANT TONGUE-
LASHINGS BROUGHT ROBERT TO A MENTAL
BREAKING POINT! OUTSIDE, A FURIOUS THUNDER-
STORM RAGED! HE RUSHED FROM HIS BED...

ROBERT! COME
BACK! WHERE
ARE YOU GOING?

ETHEL!
ETHEL!

ROBERT DASHED OUT INTO THE BLINDING
STORM! HE TOOK A CAR AND SPED MADLY
TO THE CEMETERY WHERE HIS FIRST WIFE
LAY BURIED...WHERE HE'D MET AND PROPOSED
TO IRMA! AS HIS CAR SKIDDED TO A STOP,
ROBERT FLUNG HIMSELF THROUGH THE DOWN-
POUR OVER THE RAINSWEEP GRAVES...

ETHEL! I'M SORRY! I'M SORRY!

ROBERT SPLASHED THROUGH THE RUNNING
RIVULETS THAT CASCADED BETWEEN THE
GRAVEMOUNDS AND FINALLY REACHED ETHEL'S
GRAVE! HE HURLED HIMSELF FACE DOWNWARD
UPON IT...HUGGING THE SOAKED GROUND...SOB-
BING...

FORGIVE ME, ETHEL! FORGIVE
ME FOR WHAT I'VE DONE!

THE RAIN CONTINUED TO POUND FURIOUSLY ON
ROBERT'S PROSTRATE FORM! SUDDENLY, HE
WRITHED AS A FATAL HEART ATTACK WRACKED
HIS BODY! THEN HE LAY QUITE STILL! THE
RAIN LET UP SLIGHTLY! THE WIND CAME UP!
THE WHISPERING SEEMED TO START AGAIN!
THEN...SLOWLY...THE ODDING MUD OF THE GRAVE
SEEMED TO FALL IN ABOUT THE STILL FIGURE...

IN HORNBRIAR, IRMA PAGED THE HUGE MARBLE FOYER NERVOUSLY! SHE SHUDDERED AS SHE STARED UP AT THE CURVING SPIRAL STAIRCASE...

I'VE GOT TO HAVE THAT MONSTROSITY TORN DOWN! IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS... KEEPS REMINDING ME OF THE LIGHTHOUSE!

SUDDENLY, IRMA HEARD FOOT- STEPS OUTSIDE THE HUGE OAK DOOR! THE KNOB RATTLED... SHE SWUNG IT OPEN...

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU CAME BACK, ROBERT! YOU... OH, MY GOD!

THE THING MOVED TOWARD IRMA! IT STANK FROM OZZING GRAVE MUD! GLODS OF RANCID CRAW- LING ROTTED FLESH FELL FROM ITS EYELESS FACE...

HERMAN! NO! NO!

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!



BEHIND THE MAN-THING CAME THE WOMAN- THING! ITS HAIR WAS MATTED WITH THE CEMETERY OOZE... ITS CHEEKS SUNKEN... ITS WHITENED TEETH GRINNING IDIOTICALLY... ITS BONEY DECOMPOSING FINGERS REACHING...

GOOD LORD! HELP ME!

IRMA RUSHED UP THE STAIRCASE! THE THINGS SLOPPED AFTER HER! SHE TRIPPED, BRUISING HER FACE, BUT GOT UP QUICKLY AND CONTINUED ON UP THE WINDING STEPS...



YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

IT WAS THEN, AS IRMA TRIED TO OPEN ONE OF THE BALCONY BEDROOM DOORS, THAT SHE REMEMBERED WITH HORRIFIED DISMAY...

OH, LORD! IT'S LOOKED! I HAD THEM SEALED SHUT!

IN THE MORNING THEY FOUND THE TWO ROTTED BODIES ON THE BALCONY! BELOW, ON THE MARBLE FLOOR, WAS ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF IRMA...

BUT A FALL LIKE THAT WOULDN'T HAVE DONE THIS TO HER... SMASHED HER BODY IN PIECES!

AND WHERE DID THESE TWO OLD CORPSES COME FROM?

HEE, HEE! WHAT A RHETORICAL QUESTION, EH, KIDDIEST? WHERE ELSE DID THEY COME FROM? WHERE DO ALL WALKING CORPSES COME FROM? FROM THEIR GRAVES, OF COURSE! SO IRMA FINALLY HAD HER WIND- UP... ON A WINDING STAIRCASE! HEE, HEE! WELL... AFTER ALL... SHE WASN'T EXPECTING HERMAN AND ETHEL TO COME A-ROUND!





(continued from inside front cover)

a gothic novel (Mary Shelley, 1818; revised in 1832). Most of what we know, however, comes from non-print media. The novel itself tells a confusing tale of a young man who creates a larger-than-life humanoid that then destroys much of the creator's family before presumably destroying himself.

If you ask your local preteenager he will tell you Frankenstein is the monster. It is not, of course; it is



the protagonist. Although this confusion was already in place by the turn of the century, it was compounded by the Universal motion picture and its sequels. If you ask how the audience feels about the "monster," you will probably learn a very important fact. You will learn that this creature, far more than the other horror monster, Dracula, is really sympathetic.

Frankenstein is, as George Levin has written in a collection of criticism appropriately entitled *The Endurance of "Frankenstein"* (1979), "one of the great freaks of English literature."

Feminist critics have recently seen the novel as a "woman's book." Those who assert the impersonality of texts have countered that Frankenstein was published anonymously and the reviewers like Walter Scott were convinced it was not only written by a man, but that the man was Percy Bysshe Shelley, Mary Shelley's husband. Notwithstanding, the text itself is awkwardly written, with inconsistently plotted narrative and peopled with a host of seemingly superfluous cipher-characters. A young man, Robert Walton, writes to his sister a verbatim account of what a young scientist, Victor Frankenstein, has accomplished in creating a "monster," who, in turn, has given young Frankenstein a verbatim account of what has happened to him during four years of the eighteenth century in Europe.

Students of absurdities have a field day wondering how Victor could create a being eight feet tall from the body parts of ordinary men; how this creature could become fluent in English and French in less than a year; and exactly how the monster finds Victor's journal or a regular-sized cloak that just happens to fit someone of his prodigious size. In the story, coincidence is taken into the levels of dream life where, after all, Mary Shelley says the story was first enacted.

Hidden under the ludicrous coincidences, however, is a subtext of compelling interest that has nothing coincidental about it at all. A young man creates a being larger than life, then spurns his creation, making it monstrous, and "it" turns on him and his family. "Remember that I am thy creature," says the monster. "I ought to be thy Adam, but I am rather the fallen angel, whom thou drivest from joy for no misdeed." The novel is about the birthing of a creature who enacts a systematic ravaging of the Frankenstein family by the calculated destruction of certain people. But why should the story have held our impassioned interest for so many generations? For a horror story to endure, it must not only be adaptable into different media, it must also be appealing to either sex, especially during

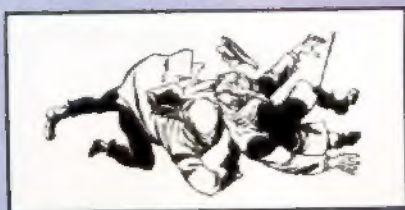


adolescence. The young audience, the primary audience of horror art, is uninterested in specific sexual roles.

(Twitchell, Alumni Professor of English at the University of Florida, goes on from this point in his book to interpret the saga from both the male and the female point of view. It is recommended that readers who have not encountered Frankenstein in school go to their library, check out a copy and read it, not for the fast thrills of modern novels, but for the appreciation of glimpsing the roots of an enduring legend.

—The Publishers)

E.C. CLASSIC ANTHOLOGIES!



GREAT E.C. SCIENCE FICTION, HORROR, WAR, SUSPENSE & FUN!

These E.C. Classics reprint 96 famous stories by the great 1950s artists Jack Davis, Wally Wood, Al Feldstein, Al Williamson, "Ghastly" Graham Ingels, Johnny Craig, Harvey Kurtzman, Jack Kamen, John Severin, Joe Orlando and others! 1-8 contain stories from selected issues. Order by number: 1. Tales from the Crypt (limited supply; available only as part of a set). 2. Weird Science. 3. Two-Fisted Tales (includes Frontline Combat). 4. Shock

Suspense Stories. 5. Weird Fantasy. 6. Vault of Horror. 7. Weird Science-Fantasy (Issues 23 & 24). 8. Crime Suspense Stories (Issues 17 & 18). 9. Haunt of Fear (Issues 14 & 15). 10. Panic (Issues 1 & 2). 11. Tales from the Crypt (Issues 23 & 24). 12. Weird Science (Issues 20 & 22). Oversize 8" x 11", quality paper, full color, stiff covers. \$6.00 each, includes postage & handling. Complete set (all 12) for only \$60.00.

GLADSTONE PUBLISHING • Box 2079 • Prescott, Arizona 86302